

the office of President.....

THE BREATHITT NEWS.

J. WISE MAGINS, Editor.

Friday, Sept. 16th 1904.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. WISE MAGINS **C. X. BOWLING**

MAGINS & BOWLING,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Office over Post-Office.
JACKSON, KENTUCKY.

All business entrusted to them will receive prompt and careful attention.

L. C. ROARK
LAWYER,
JACKSON, KENTUCKY.
Will practice in Breathitt and Magoffin Counties.

G. W. FLEENOR **A. H. PATTON**

FLEENOR & PATTON
LAWYER,
JACKSON, - KENTUCKY.

JOHN D. WHITE,
Lawyer,
Office over Bank, Manchester, Clay Co., Kentucky.
Also
Room 808, Kentucky Title Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Will practice in State and U. S. Courts. Invites correspondence touching New Era Co. lands in Owensley or C. V. L. Co. lands in Harlan, or Goose Creek farm for sale in Clay Co., Ky.

Upon application will investigate and report values of titles or large tracts of timber, coal and oil lands located between Meigs, Monroe county, Ky., and the head of Kingdom Come, Letcher Co., Ky.

LEETE & BEURIS
CIVIL ENGINEERS
AND SURVEYORS.
Prompt Attention given to all classes of work and . . .
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
OFFICE } JACKSON
 } KENTUCKY.

Announcement

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce

J. C. WHITE,
as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Breathitt county subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Visit of Lexington's Business Men.

As per schedule, about 250 of Lexington's leading business men arrived in Jackson at 1:00 p. m., Wednesday. The visit was made through the courtesy and at the solicitation of the Lexington & Eastern Railway. Its object was to exploit and advertise Lexington's advantages as a trade and business center and to create and foster closer commercial and social relations as well as a more fraternal feeling between the people of the mountains and the Blue Grass, and especially between the citizens of Lexington and our own.

The visit was a thoroughly successful and enjoyable event in every detail, even the weather, which had threatened to storm all day, remaining propitious to the end. The visitors were met at the depot by a large delegation of local business men. On leaving the train a procession was formed, headed by Saxton's Band, which had accompanied the visitors. The line of march was taken up for the court house square, the band discoursing on the way strains of music such as only that famous band is noted for, while the visitors scattered broadcast samples, cards, pamphlets, etc., advertising the various manufactures and business establishments of their home city. Reaching the court house, the immense throng halted in front of the main entrance on Main Street while the band rendered "My Old Kentucky Home," all responding with the heartiest cheers. All then repaired to the main court room and partook of a bounteous feast of burgoo and other good things, which had been in preparation since the day before by skilled chefs from Lexington, and which was tendered by the business men of Jackson.

After the banquet an address of welcome was delivered by O. H. Pollard, which was responded to by Mayor Thomas A. Combs, of Lexington, in a most felicitous and appropriate speech in which he said Breathitt was his native county and that he was proud of it. He was followed by Hon. W. P. Kimball, of Lexington, in a most timely and enjoyable address. Various speeches followed, all of which were timely and enjoyable.

It is to be hoped this visit marks the beginning of a better understanding, a warmer friendship and closer social and business relations between Eastern and Central Kentucky, and remove a barrier that should never have existed.

Due credit should be given Col. J. R. Barr, General Manager, and Capt. Charles Scott, Passenger Agent of the L. & E. Railway Company, and to J. S. Head, Cashier of the Jackson Deposit Bank, and others of our citizens for their untiring efforts for the success of this happy occasion.

We guarantee a larger circulation than any other paper published in this section.

TUESDAY.

D. P. Leibhardt, superintendent of the dead letter office at Washington, committed suicide.

Robbers blew open the safe of the Bank of Palmyra, Neb., and escaped. Amount taken not known.

Five masked men blew open the safe at the Toledo and Ohio Central depot at Wapakoneta with nitroglycerin and got \$100 for their trouble.

The Herreros who were surrounded in German Southwest Africa by German troops have escaped and the campaign will be indefinitely prolonged.

James Lowther, Conservative member of parliament for the Thanet division of Kent and formerly chief secretary for Ireland, is dead. He was born in 1840.

September 12 was observed as a holiday in Maryland in honor of the battle of North Point, fought in 1811, in which the state militia defeated the British and saved Baltimore from capture.

The Ottoman bank has notified the American legation at Constantinople that it holds \$25,000 at its disposal, in settlement of the claim for land illegally seized and belonging to an American citizen at Smyrna.

MONDAY.

A Japanese vessel was sunk while laying mines off Port Arthur.

Prince Herbert Bismarck is seriously ill at Friedrichsruhe, Germany.

Another range war between cattle and sheep men has broken out around Pryor mountain, Wyoming.

John Wright of Adrian, Mich., caused the arrest of his wife and colored paramour at Lima, O.

Steamers Dolphin and Cottage City, from southeastern Alaska, brought down treasure valued at \$500,000.

In a fire at the Harrison-Walker plant at Hayesboro, Pa., two firemen were fatally injured by a falling wall.

Morris, the three-year-old son of Louis Rich, was crushed to death under the wheels of a trolley car at Columbus, O.

SATURDAY.

Negotiations for peace between the government of Paraguay and the insurgents have been resumed.

Toney Jones, a negro, was hanged at Montgomery, Ala., for the murder of Warren Jones, also a negro.

By the starting of blooming and bar mills and wire and nail works at South Sharon, Pa., 2,000 men will find employment.

A Pittsburgh three persons were injured in a collision between a large racing automobile and a park trap. All probably will die.

At Cincinnati Bishop J. M. Walden, retired, of the Methodist church, and his wife, were seriously hurt in a runaway. Both were taken to a hospital.

While kneeling beside a grave in Washington cemetery at Gravesend, N. Y., Yetta Belkowitz, 18, was crushed to death by the family monument, which toppled over.

The Democratic congressional committee of the Sixteenth Ohio district chose H. W. Hermann of Bellairs as candidate for congress to fill vacancy caused by resignation of J. H. Timberlake.

FRIDAY.

Milanoche Cheleco, who murdered Paymaster Ferguson, securing \$5,000, was hanged at Washington, Pa.

George Taylor, farmer, living near Warren, O., committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart with a pistol.

After pounding the night clerk, H. S. Butler, to death a thief rifled the safe of the Greek hotel in Forty-second street, New York.

Miss Fannie Levinger of Canton, O., a talented musician, was crushed to death by one of the elevators in the New England building at Cleveland.

When Miss Rachel McPherson of Chicago discovered burglars in her room they threw carbolic acid upon her, burning her neck and face severely.

THURSDAY.

The Chicago and Alton Railroad company has decided to issue \$5,000,000 new bonds for improvements.

Major Henry Seton, a veteran of the United States army and a noted Indian fighter, died in Baltimore of tuberculosis.

General Hallington Booth and Mrs. Booth of the Salvation Army arrived in New York from England on the steamer Majestic.

At the foreclosure sale of the Fore River Ship and Bridge company the property was bid in for the reorganization committee for \$1,000,000.

=NEW STORE=

GOODS NEW

Building New

-Prices New-

FOR THE LATEsT

Dress Goods, Laces, Embroideries, Calicoes, Skirts, Silks, Notions, Peralces, Tiekings, Chambrays Also Men's Clothing, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Sox, Collars, Underwear, and Trunks, Valises, Queens Ware, Hardware, Drugs, and Groceries of all kinds, Goods Delivered, Prices the Lowest, Wholesale and Retail, Highest price paid for Country Produce. All Welcome.

JOHN WATTS

JACKSON, KENTUCKY.

Correspondence.

BOONEVILLE.

The cool nights and hot days are drying up corn and potatoes rapidly.

John M. Campbell is opening up the largest invoice of dry goods &c. ever brought to Booneville by any one firm at one time.

Ed Reynolds, who has been so very low with a complication of diseases, is now far on the road to recovery.

Circuit court convenes at this place next Monday with a large criminal docket and with more criminal business to go before the grand jury than for years.

Booneville has an efficient town marshal now and if the boys still persist in carrying pistols and shooting in town of nights they will have to take what follows.

Alice Hale, who had heretofore been found a lunatic and sent to the asylum, has later returned to her home as a harmless lunatic, but was today brought to town, having become uncontrollable and dangerous among her father's (Elisha Hale) family. She will have an investigation tomorrow.

Mary Terry, wife of Bill Terry, alias Bill Gipson, shot and instantly killed Sam Hall, son of widow Hall at Pall Town at the head of Meadow Creek on Sunday morning. The boy was only about 17 years old. She will have an examining trial today before Judge Brewer. We understand the accidental racket will be attempted, but accidental killings are becoming too frequent in our county, the strong cord of the law should be drawn around those who persist in shedding human blood and until this is done human life will be taken with impunity and the law become a nullity. Let the officers of the law wake up to the full extent of their duty and until this is done murderers and murderers will run rampant and the vicious will rule instead of the orderly and law-abiding citizen.

YALLER BRIDGES.

TORRENT.

A very interesting entertainment was given by the Ridgwood Junction school on the evening of the 1st. Miss Proctor, the teacher, deserves great praise for the work she has done with the little people.

JEITS CREEK.

We had a good rain here Monday evening.

People are all saving wilder here now, and crops are reported not good.

Stephen Terry has an infant child very low and the attending physician thinks it can not recover.

Quite a number of people of this neighborhood attended the association on War Creek last Sunday, and all report a most interesting and successful meeting.

FINCASTLE.

Mr and Mrs Clark Stump visited Mr Logan Shackelford, of Lee City, the past week.

Gus Eastin went to Beattyville last week on business.

Misses Ruth Ashcraft and Ada Malissa Shackelford were the guests of Mrs T S Shackelford Sunday.

A protracted meeting is in progress at the Christian Church, conducted by Rev. Hall and others.

Rev. Ramsey will preach at Hopewell Schoolhouse the 4th Sunday inst.

If you want results, advertise in the paper that has the circulation—That's us.

WANTED,

Your Trade

Just as soon as the people learn how easy, how satisfactory, and how economical it is to buy goods from

The Osborn-Patton Mercantile Company,

Just that soon you are on the road to make and save money, just so fast our business grows just that soon you go to saving money.

To buy of us once means that you will be a regular patron in future. Because we sell at the lowest

Cash Prices

and guarantee every thing we sell you, no matter how little you need, get it here. We appreciate a call whether you buy or not. No trouble to show goods, less trouble for you to buy.

After You Look, We don't try to substitute, We don't try to sell you what you don't need.

We carry a new fresh stock of every thing in the merchandise line from the smallest up.

See our neat fresh stock of groceries, THE FINEST LINE IN TOWN. Special inducements in all our lines.

Watch for our Saturday Red Mark SALE EVERY SATURDAY.

LOOK for our ad each week, our competitors feel the weight of our advent into the general merchandise business. We solicit the independent trade and feel confident we will get it.

Yours Anxious to Please,

The Osborn-Patton Mercantile Co.

RAILROAD TABLES

Lexington & Eastern R'y

LOCAL TIME TABLE.

Effective May 22nd, 1904.

East Bound			West Bound		
No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily
Ex. Sunday	Ex. Sunday	Ex. Sunday	Ex. Sunday	Ex. Sunday	Ex. Sunday
J. P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	J. P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Ar Lexington,	2:25	7:45	Ar Lexington,	10:10	6:05
Winchester,	3:10	8:35	Winchester,	9:25	5:20
Clay City,	3:56	9:13	Clay City,	8:37	4:39
Stanton,	4:06	9:23	Stanton,	8:28	4:30
Natural Bridge,	4:35	9:54	Natural Bridge,	8:01	4:01
Torrent,	4:49	10:08	Torrent,	7:47	3:47
Beattyville Jun.,	5:11	10:29	Beattyville Jun.,	7:26	3:26
O. & K. Junc.,	6:11	11:26	O. & K. Junction,	6:29	2:30
Ar Jackson,	6:15	11:30	Jackson,	6:25	2:25

Nos 3 and 4 make close connection for Cannel City and points on Ohio Kentucky Railway Division, daily except Sunday.

Nos. 1 and 2 connect at L. & E. Junction with Chesapeake & Ohio for Mt. Sterling and local points.

Train No. 2 connects at Beattyville Junction with L. & A. for Beattyville

J. P. BARR, Gen. Mgr
CHAS. SCOTT, G. P. A.

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Ar Lexington,	2:25	7:45	Ar Lexington,	10:10	6:05
Winchester,	3:10	8:35	Winchester,	9:25	5:20
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J. P. BARR, Gen. Mgr
CHAS. SCOTT, G. P. A.

Excursions Rates to Northern Resorts

Excursion tickets at unusually low rates good for the season, on sale daily beginning June 1st to Milwaukee, Madison, Waukesha, Green Lake, Devil Lake, Gribble, Ashland, Marquette, Superior, Duluth, St. Paul, Minneapolis and many other cool and delightful lake resorts reached by the North-Western Line.

Information and tickets can be secured from your home agent. Book entitled "The Lakes and Summer Resorts of the Northwest" mailed upon receipt of 4 cents in stamps. W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., O. & N. W. R. Y., Chicago, Ill.

\$30.00 to Colorado and Return

Via Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line. Chicago to Denver Colorado Springs and Pueblo daily throughout the summer. Correspondingly low rates from all points east. Only one night to Denver from Chicago and Central States and only two nights enroute from the Atlantic Sea board. Two fast trains daily.

N. M. Breeze 435 Vine Street Cincinnati, Ohio

\$27.50 to Hot Springs, S. D.

\$30.75 to Deadwood and Leadville

and return, from Chicago daily, via the Chicago & North-Western Ry. Correspondingly low rates from other points. The Black Hills region, the great natural sanitarium of the West is one of the most picturesque spots in the World and well worth a visit. Information and tickets can be secured from your home agent. Illustrated black hills booklet with valuable map mailed on receipt of 4 cents in stamps by W. B. Kniskern, Chicago.

See S. D. Fleenor for bargains in clocks. A fine 8 day mantle clock for \$1.00. Others sell the same clock for \$2.00.

DAY BROS. COMPANY

Wholesale - and - Retail

have the most complete stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Ever brought to Jackson Consisting of

Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Hats, Shoes.

We have the Finest line of SHOES in Eastern Kentucky. Our mens shoes are of the Latest Style.

For the Ladies we have the most Fashionable Lot of Shoes money could buy.

Millinery Goods

This Department is under the management of Mrs R. J. Fulkerson who can show you

The Latest Style Hats

direct from New York City. Also

FASHIONABLE DRESS GOODS,

In all the Latest Patterns and weaves Fresh from the Eastern Markets.

If you need any House Furnishings or

FURNITURE

We are the people you are looking for we have it by car loads to suit every body.

Come and see us our

Prices Are All Right.

DAY BROS. COMPANY,

Jackson, Kentucky.

The Breathitt News.

Published Every Friday.

Local and Personal

Subscribe today.

We will accept advertisements on a guaranty that our paper has more than twice the circulation in Breathitt County of any paper published. Our paper goes to every post office in Perry County and almost every one in Lee, Magoffin, Owsley, Wolfe and Knott Counties.

If you want to reach the mountain trade, try an ad in the BREATHITT COUNTY NEWS.

Matings at Day Bros. Co.

The September term of the Perry Circuit Court convened at Hazard last Monday.

R. E. Cundiff, of Campton, brand, gauger for this district was in our county several days last week on revenue business.

Fine Mocha-Java Coffee at Hadden Bros.

Quite a cold wave for the season struck this section Wednesday afternoon, causing the mercury to take a downward tumble, the following night being almost cold enough for frost.

This is an all home print paper. Read both sides if you want to get all the news.

John Blanton and family who have been living at Lee City, for the past year, has moved back to Jackson.

Mrs. Cornett sister-in-law of Dr. P. P. Boggs, is very low with typhoid fever at the home of Dr. Boggs, in this city.

Mr. Robert Gillum and his interesting little family have rented rooms at the Haddix House, of which they took possession last Monday.

W. B. Dixon, a prominent Louisville attorney, was in our city on legal business first of the week.

Young and Higgins will haul your baggage or express packages to or from the Depot cheaper than any one else.

Mr. Kelly Kash, one of our most capable and successful young attorneys, left last Thursday for St. Louis to spend a couple of weeks seeing the sights of the Exposition.

Mrs. Sallie Brantman, died at her home near Bowman school house, near the mouth of Cane Creek, of Consumption, last Monday. The burial took place Tuesday at the Bowman grave yard.

Save your laundry for Young & Higgins Representative for Naven Laundry Lexington Ky.

Hubert Spencer, who has been employed with an engineering corps on Quicksand during the past two months left Tuesday morning for Danville to resume his studies at Central University, of that city.

When in Lexington, stop with Hadden Bros. at Reed Hotel.

Bennet Park returned to Danville, Ky. last Wednesday, to enter school at that place again, having attended school there last year. He was accompanied by Master Ashland Martin, son of Tandy Martin, of Knott county, who will also attend the same institution.

Salesman Wanted—To sell the Singer Sewing Machines in Lee, Owsley, Knott and Perry counties. This is a commission work. Call on or address The Singer Mfg. Co., 41 J. D. Lanier, Mgr. Jackson Ky.

Pete Calmes, a well known colored citizen of this city, died of lung trouble last Saturday night at his home on College Avenue, near the bridge. The burial took place Sunday afternoon at the burial ground on the heights, east of this city. Rev. Williams, pastor of the colored church, conducted the funeral services.

FOR SALE—Two splendid milk cows. Wm B. Hagins.

The first killing frost of the season fell in Minnesota and North Dakota last Saturday night. While late fall and corn suffered and garden truck was cut down, most of the grain was so far advanced that little damage was done.

Have your old clothes cleaned and pressed and made new by the best workmen in Lexington. Young & Higgins are their agents.

Thomas Riffett, living on Sparlock Creek, Floyd County came to Prestonsburg Monday morning and surrendered himself to county Judge R. E. Stanley, and says he shot and killed John Lee White at midnight Sunday night. Riffett says White was trying to enter his house and would not speak or make himself known when he fired and killed him.

President Roosevelt's formal letter of acceptance of the Republican nomination for the Presidency was given to the press last Sunday. It is addressed to Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, chairman of the Notification Committee and is an exhaustive defense of the policy of the Republican National Administration.

Wanted

A good reliable Shingle man with Machine to cut shingles for Frozen Creek Lumber Co. good job for right party. Address J. W. CLARKSON Supt. Boxer P. O. (Willmurst) Ky. 51

Kentucky Lumbermen scored a partial victory in a decision handed down by the Railroad Commission during the past week. The report gives partial relief to the industry, which it is alleged, is suffering from exorbitant charges and a lack of time in which to comply with the rules of the Car Service Association.

The contested election case of James Adams, Republican against James C. Roberts, Democrat, involving the title to the office of Commonwealth's attorney in Lee, Estill, Breathitt, Magoffin and Wolfe districts was argued at Winchester Monday before J. Smith, Special Judge. Fraud in Breathitt county is alleged by Adams. Adams was represented by the Hon. Jas. Scott, of Frankfort, and Roberts the incumbent, by ex-Congressman J. B. White, of Irvine. Judge Hays reserved his decision.

The case of the Commonwealth against James Back, charged with perjury, which was transferred from the Harrison to the Montgomery Circuit court, was called at St. Sterling last Saturday. Both parties having announced ready, the jury was selected and sworn, but at this point in the trial the attorneys for the Commonwealth asked that the indictment be quashed and the case re-referred to the grand jury. This was strenuously objected to by the defense. After hearing the arguments of counsel the court sustained the demurrer and the indictment was dismissed, the witnesses ordered before the grand jury and the case set for yesterday.

Natural Gas For Mt. Sterling.

Carroll Chenault, a leading business man, of Mt. Sterling, has been granted a franchise by the City Council for furnishing natural gas for that city. There are twenty wells within 15 miles of Mt. Sterling all producing gas, and the quantity is said to be inexhaustible. It is said the Standard Oil Company will attempt to pipe gas to that city. Mr. Chenault, however, has about closed a deal with an independent company. If the gas holds out it means several factories for Mt. Sterling.

SOLD OUT.

The many friends and patrons of the veteran butcher of this city, D. G. Robinson, will be surprised to learn that he has sold out his meat and butcher establishment and will retire from this business, for the present at least. The purchasers of the business are Lewis Cole and his brother-in-law, S. M. Wilson, who will conduct the business at Mr. Robinson's old stand.

W. A. Hampton Dead.

A message was received here about noon last Monday from St. Louis saying that W. A. Hampton, of Hampton, this county had died suddenly the night before (Sunday) in that city. As stated in these columns last week, Mr. Hampton was in the Mount City attending the Exposition having left here for St. Louis last Sunday a week ago. The announcement of his sudden death, which is supposed to have been due to heart trouble, came as a great shock to his many friends and relatives of this section. Mr. Hampton was a well known and popular citizen and one of our most successful and prosperous business men. The remains were brought home for burial and taken to the family burying ground near his home for interment. He leaves a wife and two children to whom the News extends its sympathy in their sad bereavement.

The Oil Fields.

The prospect for better prices for oil is having the effect of increasing the activity in the principal oil developments. All the older fields furnished new producers last week, while good results were obtained in one or two of the newer fields. Strikes were made in the Cumberland, Wayne, Knox and Wolfe county fields.

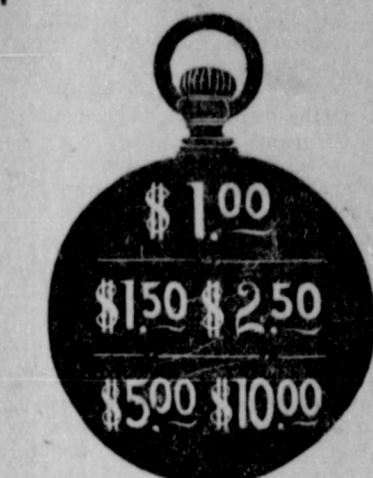
The attention of operators is being turned to the deep oil fields in the upper developments, especially to Wolfe county, which is being put in connection with the market. During the past few months tests have been made of some deep wells drilled in that county which show up with a good yield at a depth of over 1,000 feet. At this depth a light-grade oil is encountered which will command a good price, but which has been slow in being developed, on account of the expense of drilling to that depth. Several new wells are now going down in Wolfe county, and last week the Kentucky Coal and Oil Company finished up a well good for twenty-five barrels per day.

A. H. Short and A. S. Johnson have sold their stock of merchandise and leased the building in which they conducted their business to Judge W. H. Blanton and Grant Holliday. Mr. Short has purchased a home in Madison county, where and his family will soon locate.

"Scotty," one of our most popular and experienced barbers, has purchased the barber shop of John McDowell, located in the postoffice building, where he is conducting a first-class barber shop.

WATCHES.

For The Laboring man Professional man Clergyman



Fine Watches for Presentation PURPOSES.

\$25.00 \$50.00

And upward.

HEINTZ JEWELER

EAST MAIN STREET OPPOSITE THE PHOENIX LEXINGTON, KY

Miss Arpie Keith and Henry Sheppard were united in marriage Wednesday morning at the home of Miles Back, near the mouth of Quicksand. Rev. Stephen Carpenter officiating.

What's in a Name?

Everything is in a name when it comes to Witch Hazel. Salvo, E. C. DeWitt & Co., of Chicago, discovered some years ago how to make a salve from Witch Hazel that is a specific for Piles, For blind, bleeding, itching and protruding Piles, eczema, cuts, burns, bruises and all skin diseases. DeWitt's Salve has no equal. This has given rise to numerous worthless counterfeits. Ask for DeWitt's—the genuine. Sold by M. S. Crain, Jackson, Ky.

Adjudged Insane.

One of the most sad and pathetic incidents ever known here, was the trial last Wednesday of Mrs. Julia Strong, wife of Cal Strong, who lives on Frozen, on a charge of insanity. Mrs. Strong had been mentally affected for the past eight months, but being very harmless and quiet heretofore, her husband had declined to send her to the asylum, hoping she would recover at home. But she had lately attempted to destroy herself, and it was found necessary to send her to the asylum. After being adjudged insane, she was ordered to the Eastern Kentucky Lunatic Asylum, at Lexington. Mrs. Strong leaves a husband and eight small children, which makes her misfortune peculiarly sad and deplorable. She is a sister of Mrs. Lillie Childers, who died in the Lexington a few days ago.

The Stomach is the Man.

A weak stomach weakens the man, because it cannot transform the food he eats into nourishment. Health and strength cannot be restored to any sick man or weak woman without first restoring health and strength to the stomach. A weak stomach cannot digest enough food to feed the tissues and revive the tired and run down limbs and organs of the body. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat, cleanses and strengthens the glands and membranes of the stomach, and cures indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach trouble. Sold by M. S. Crain, Jackson Ky.

FARM FOR SALE

100 acres, 2 miles south of Indian Fields, known as a part of the Indian Old Fields. A house with 7 rooms, easterly at the door with all the necessary out buildings, one stock barn, and tobacco barn, sufficient to hold 4 acres of tobacco, Church's and school equipment. The farm is well watered and fenced. There is a nice young orchard of something over 100 apple trees, 16 bearing, selected fruit call on or address M. S. Crain at Indian Fields Ky.

G. W. ALLEN.

Alex Jackson and his two brothers on one side, with parties named Wireman and others on the other, engaged in a general fight, near the head of South Quicksand, last Saturday afternoon. Jackson received the contents of a shot gun in his left side, inflicting a serious wound, though Dr. Hogg, who was called to attend the wounded man, thinks he will recover. The scene of the fight is a long distance from this place, and details of the affair have not as yet been obtained. It is said he did not more good than colicel, blue mass or any other pill I ever took and at the same time the effect was pleasant. Little Early Risers are certainly an ideal pill," sold by M. S. Crain.

A Power For Good.

The pills that are potent in their action and pleasant in effect are Dr. Witt's Little Early Risers. W. S. Philpott, of Albany, Ga. says: "During a bilious attack I took one. Small as it did it did me more good than colicel, blue mass or any other pill I ever took and at the same time the effect was pleasant. Little Early Risers are certainly an ideal pill." sold by M. S. Crain.

UNCLAIMED
List of unclaimed matter advertised by Daniel D. Hurst, P. M. at Jackson, Ky., Sept. 9th, 1904, and sent to the Dead Letter office at Washington, D. C. week ending Sept. 21st 1904.
Arnett George Ann Mrs. Cassie
Allen James Banton James
Barnett Floyd Barnett Floyd
Barnett George W. D. Burns
Barns Woodson Brown J.
Bales Frank Come M.
Goldson Anderson Combs Laura
Combs Lauril Conley F. C.
Combs Jay Gray Charles
Huston Henry Hutcheson Jas. W.
Hughs Lane Hays Elizabeth
Hord Louisa Mrs. Kelgo S. J.
Lyon William McIntosh Emma
Loyins G. R. Mathis Smith
Powell J. H. Robinson Pat
Robinson W. E. Smith Nannie B. H.
Smith Nannie Bell S. Cleer Elias
Shietana Catharine Stamps Sam
Vickers Jim Ures Wily
Williams Willie H. Laura Williams
Williams Laura D. D. Hurst, P. M.



THE BREAD MAKER

has no fears of the result when using Mansfield's Flour. It's white and has the natural taste and flavor of the wheat berry. Makes better, whiter, heartier bread than you have been using, because it is milled from the best wheat, and milled in the right way, on the best equipped roller flour mill in Kentucky.

Let a 25-lb sack of BEST PATENT or MOUNTAIN LILLY talk to you. It will be more convincing than a barrel of words. Ask your grocer for it.

R. C. MANSFIELD & SON, ROSSLYN, KY.

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Solid train of Pullman sleepers, Southern Railway's standard Dining Car and vestibuled coaches through from Lexington to St. Louis without change.

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H. C. King, City Ticket Agent, 89 East Main St., Lexington, Ky.
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From 148 to 92 Pounds
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John Gabbard and Martha Anderson were married at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Anderson, near Canoe, last Thursday.

Mrs. John Watts and son, Charles are visiting friends and relatives at Ned-

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVII.

ONE morning about the 1st of December George was alone in the office. He had just finished writing some letters when Jeff Truitt came in and stood near the stove. He was a slender young man, under twenty-five, short and frail looking. His clothing was ragged and his sandy hair unkempt. Buckley looked at him and smiled. "Been getting your self into no end of row over home," he remarked. "My mother tells me they sent you a death's head the other night, and your father said somebody shot at you in the field."

"That's all so, George," said Truitt gloomily. "I reckon I've been shootin' off my mouth a little too much."

"I really thought you had more sense than to report that desperate gang over there for moonshining," said George in a kindly tone.

"Wouldn't 'a' done it if I'd been sober," replied Truitt. "They mean me mad when I was full, an' I done 'em all the harm I could."

"Well, what are you going to do about it, Jeff?"

"That's what I come to ax you, George. Ma and pa are mighty high crazy about it, an' I give 'em my word I'd come an' ax yore advice. By gum, they think they'll go to you when they die! Ef you was to come over here, I'd got another warnin' last night; I— I got six or eight of 'em was scattered all about the place. I say warnin', but I reckon they was wuss than that; they was to pa an' ma an' said ef they ketch me they wouldn't do a thing to me."

"Well, there's some consolation in that," said George dryly.

"You know I hadn't a word of any reasonable number of 'em," said Truitt in his whining voice, "but when a whole regiment of 'em comes to drink a feller's blood I jest git rattled an' want to make tracks. Ef I had my way, though, I'd go back home an' defy 'em, but ma's mighty high crazy."

"No; you'd better stay in town today anyway," said George. "Buckley after a moment's reflection. 'Go up to the Johnston House and get your breakfast—take all your meals there while you are in town—I've got an account there; tell them to charge it to me. Stay in town tonight anyway. I'll see you to-morrow. I'm very busy today. Do you think the gang would dare follow you here?'"

"They might, George. They raised a rumpus here about a year ago, you know—whippin' niggers in Nigger-town."

Later in the morning Buckley met the town marshal, Joe Bates, on the street. The officer wore a broad-brimmed hat, a dark blue suit of clothes with brass buttons and carried a policeman's club strapped to his wrist. George gravely explained the situation to him, but the officer refused to concern himself in the matter.

"Look y' here, George Buckley," he said. "Do you reckon I'm paid meensly town wages to go both town and country work? Ef the sheriff can't keep down them riots over in the mountains, I can't. Fer \$30 a month I'm expected to do police duty in daytime, watchman at night an' act as coroner on special occasions. Besides, Jeff Truitt's gettin' awfully too numerous. Every time he gets full he wants to scratch some of them darndest eyes out. He's a funny chap. They say when he's drunk he'd fight a swarm of wildcats, but when he's sober he'd scare at the sight of a baby popgun, an' on top of that, when he sobsers up he's so stubborn he'd die 'fore he would apologize for what he's done. What you goun' to do with a man like that? He's no ornament to the community."

"Well, I only thought I'd let you know the situation," George smiled as he walked on. "All I want to do is to save the fellow's neck."

George saw no more of Jeff Truitt that day. He had some important calculations to make in connection with the sale of certain large quantities of cotton to mills in the east, and he was closely occupied in his office till past midnight. When he would go to bed, he went to the front door of the warehouse to get a breath of fresh air before retiring. He did not feel sleepy. Such work as he had been doing usually had a contrary effect on him. Suddenly he heard a shout up the street in the direction of the Johnston House, a revolver was fired, and a gruff voice cried out, "That he goes, boys!"

This was followed by a clatter of many feet on the brick sidewalk, a storm of furious ejaculations and stifled oaths, and then a dark human bulk rushed down the street in Buckley's direction. It was a mob pursuing Jeff Truitt.

Hardly knowing why he did it, George ran into his office and secured his big revolver from the drawer of his desk and turned back quickly to the door. He was just in time, for the mob, numbering fifty or more, was not ten yards away. Panting and almost out of breath, Jeff Truitt came bounding along ahead of them and just out of their grasp. He was making for the warehouse with the instinct that there, and there alone, lay some chance for escape. He grasped out something to George and darted past him into the warehouse.

"Halt!" George bellowed, his revolver leveled at the mob in the field. "Halt or I'll blow your brains out!"

The man fell back, and the mob hesitated. The man fell back, and the mob hesitated. The man fell back, and the mob hesitated.

"Halt!" George bellowed, his revolver leveled at the mob in the field. "Halt or I'll blow your brains out!"

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man in the front. "Git out of the door, Buckley, or we'll mash you flatter'n a flitter."

"The first man that tries to pass this step dies as sure as God's in heaven!" There was a swerving buck from the weapon in Buckley's steady hand. Silence fell—a threatening silence. The coking of a revolver somewhere in the crowd sounded clearly.

"That's right, shoot at me, you dirty coward," said Buckley defiantly. "Here I stand in the light, and I can't pick you out in the dark. Shoot, you cowardly sneak!"

"Put that gun down," cried a determined voice in the throng. "You harm George Buckley an' I'll put daylight through you."

There was a sound of a struggle, stifled oaths and the clash of a revolver as it struck the pavement. It was followed by grumbling words, hot disputing and silence.

"You are a set of cowards," said Buckley, "running like a pack of wolves after a poor boy for what he said and did when he was drunk. Now, clear out, the last one of you! You know who I am—and you know if there is any one of you, or any three, that want to hold me responsible for this step I'll be on hand. Has any one here any row to pick with Jeff Truitt, then let him speak up. I'll represent him. I'm a fighting mood tonight and will satisfy just as many as will apply."

"An' he'll do it, too, boys," said an admiring voice. "Buckley's got the right stuff in 'im! Come on, let's go home. George seems friendly to the cuss, an' any friend of his is safe as far as I'm concerned."

"Same here," joined in another voice. "Buck, you're all right, but that's a dern sneak wad yore takin' up fer, as shore as yore knee high to a duck."

"Well, he's my friend, and I'm his mother's friend," said Buckley. "A mob like yours shan't send his corpse home to her if I can help it."

"He'd be about as much use to 'er that a-way as in his natural condition," laughed a man near the front. "But ef she hankers after 'im, an' Buckley wants 'im to live on, I'll withdraw my claim. This is the sort of rabbit hunt I don't much like now."

A laugh rose and went round. It was a favorable sign. George lowered his revolver. "Go home, boys," he said wearily. "I'm sorry I spoke as I did just now. You are all my friends; I can see that. Good night."

They stood for an instant as if undecided what step to take, but Buckley's last words had completely disarmed them. Slowly they disbanded and struggled away. When they were all lost in the darkness George closed the door and looked it. Just then Jeff Truitt emerged from the darkness in the interior of the building and, with hanging head and downcast eyes, drew near.

"Oh, George," he faltered, "I wish they had killed me. I'm a coward. I was afraid of 'em—afraid of 'em!"

"It wasn't that, my boy; don't you be lievin' it," said George consolingly. "You were simply stampeded. The best soldiers are that way when they see overwhelming numbers approaching. You've got grit, but they tell me you have to fill up with whiskey to float it."

"But you wasn't afraid of 'em," wailed the boy.

"Yes, I was—at first," said Buckley. "I took all over, and then I got drunk with rage, just like you do on whiskey. It's the same thing—just as wide as it's long. Don't you bother; you'll fight, Jeff. If I'd thought you were a coward I'd never been the friend to you I am. My Lord, don't I remember, away back at the log schoolhouse, how Press Tifton lashed you a day, pinching you, calling you names, and finally, when he began to bump your head against the wall, you turned in and gave him the worst licking he ever had! He had black eyes and puffy jaws for a week. Some men are that way—just don't like trouble and stay away from it till it's shoved on them. How did they happen to come here for you?"

"They went home after me, I reckon," said the boy, "an' when they found out I was here they come on to act liquor an' settle with me. Ef you was me, George, what would you do—go home tonight? You know the folks will be a-worryin'."

"No; you stay here and sleep with me," said George. "I'm not going to risk you anywhere else tonight."

They went back to the bedroom. Buckley carrying the light. As they passed the big fireplace vault in the office Jeff said, "Looks like it would be risky to have just one man here with a whole lot of money in a safe like that, George."

"It has a combination lock," Buckley told him. "It would take an expert burglar several hours to open it, and the noise would wake me. That's why I sleep here. Nearly all the poor people in the neighborhood and here in town, deposit their savings with us. It's a big responsibility, but the safe and the man are the best in the state. They're better than those at the bank upstairs, an' that's why the people want to deposit with us. It's a lot of trouble, but Mr. Hillier likes to accommodate them."

"An' that's always a lot of money in a safe, I reckon," said Jeff.

"Thousands of dollars, my boy," replied Buckley. "but it's fireproof, and the risk is very little as I told you. I am in this safe every night, and when I go away I never sleep here."

"But that's another thing you haven't thought of," said Jeff. "Robbers sometimes slip up on a man, git 'im well covered an' then force 'im to open a safe. What would you do in a case like that, George?"

Buckley laughed. "I haven't thought of that, I admit," he answered, "but the responsibility on me like this, I believe I'd be fighting rather than voluntarily giving."

"Come off!" sneered a

"That'd be foolishness," said Jeff. "What's money—more a fortune—to a man's life?"

"It's different with me, my boy," George placed the lamp on the little table. "You could give in and many others could and nothing would be said about it, but if I did it they would say it was my father's weakness creeping out in another generation. That would be the general verdict, Jeff. Folks are that way."

"Do you reckon so, George?"

"Yes, that's the way of the world. Now git in bed, Jeff."

Truitt hesitated and flushed. "Jest let me lie on a pile of sacks on the floor," he said. "I don't want to crowd you, George."

"You think I'd be above sleeping with you, my boy?" Buckley laid his hand on his shoulder and turned him forcibly to him. "You've heard all that talk out home about my being stuck up, but it is a lie out of whole cloth. Jeff, Jeff," Buckley's breast rose high and fell—"I'd give all I have to feel as good in the eyes of the world as you are. There's a stain on me that nothing will remove. Yes, I'd freely give up my life to prove that I am not naturally a thief."

Avoid to silence by the strange manner of his friend, Jeff Truitt undressed and got into bed. George turned out the light. Jeff heard him undressing, and then all was still for two or three minutes, after which Buckley rose from his knees and got in the bed.

"Been sayin' yore prayers, George?" Jeff asked in wonder.

"Yes, Jeff; I try not to neglect it once a day. It seems to be about the only thing that keeps me straight. Good night, Jeff."

"Good night, George."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THEY say the old junk shop was turned into a regular last night. Jeff Truitt, who had been half-drunken, slouched into the office the next morning after breakfast, a bundle of letters in his hands.

George and Hillier exchanged glances and smiled.

"You'd have thought something was wrong if you'd been here," George answered lightly.

Hanks was at his desk munching a piece of cracker and now and then taking a sip of water from a thick, unclean tumbler. He had no comment to make. If the building had been half-demolished during the night he would have inspected the ruin with supreme indifference, for it was not his personal property. Half an hour later a man and a woman came down the street and entered the warehouse.

The woman was short and fat, wore a black sunbonnet and a heavy gray shawl. The man carried a worn Confederate flag in his left hand, in his right a battered army bugle.

"Jeff's mammy an' daddy," Kenner said. "My Lord, they got here quick! I reckon somebody must 'a' told 'em the news last night."

"Come on in, old woman," Truitt said to his wife. "Nobody hain't a-goin' to hurt you." He took the chair Kenner was proffering and placed it near the stove. Then he leaned unsteadily on the short staff of the furled flag. The bugle rattled on the brass buttons of his long overcoat as his arm hung down.

"The camp meets today," he said huskily, "but I hain't blowed a note yet, an' I hain't stuck up the flag. The boys will wait on 'ol Res this mornin'."

I wish some of my tried comrades could be here to listen to what I got to say, George Buckley, I got to speak to you, sir."

George had flushed all over with embarrassment. His profile was at the door, but out of the corner of his eye he had caught a glimpse of a woman's figure in the main doorway. The thought flashed through his brain that it was Mrs. Hillier or Horriense Snowden, and he wanted to direct Hillier's attention thither, but with set, expectant features the merchant was staring at the speaker.

"Jeff told us jest how it happened," Truitt went on, his earnest eyes half full of tears, "an' me an' my old woman—me like we wanted to see, to look at the man that saved our child. That chap that stood up in the teeth of our ragin' mob an' said ef they got our boy it'd be over his dead body. George Buckley done it. He—'ol Res's wife—she sank so low for a moment that she was scabbing—'ol Res's wife! I wish God would help me talk, but he won't, an' I can't. I had lots to say, but I can't talk. I want to show what I feel, but I can't. I loved that—a man that fit for Jackson an' Lee an' Davis was good enough, but a man blessed by a high place in the world that stoops down an' offers his life for a poor, weak, scared boy is better'n a soldier. He's more like God than a soldier. He's actuated by love an' pity, while the soldier is fightin' for spite. I—jest wish God would give me a chance to show what I feel. Matilda, ef you want to say anything, say it. Yore old man's made a fool of himself."

"Oh, don't, don't, Mrs. Truitt," George protested as the old woman pushed back her bonnet and began to speak, but she went on.

"I can't say what I want to, neither," she said, "but I kin pray for you, George, an' I will. I hope the Major will shower blessings down on yore head. I've knowed 'im, gentlemen, since he was a little boy, an' he always was one of the best children that ever lived. God knows he's had trouble, but it jest seems to 'a' sanctified 'im. Folks says he hain't a happy man, that he has lots to contend with here in town an' that it looks like he can't git all he wants, but he will. God bless 'im, ef my prayers kin do any good. I'm a-goin' to ask the Lord Almighty to give 'im peace an' all he wants!" She drew her bonnet over her face and fell to sobbing aloud.

Truitt stood his flag in a corner and let her to the door, and as his eyes followed him, George looked and saw Lydia Cranston and Kitty Cosby standing a few feet from him. They had heard all, in Lydia's eyes, tears were stood, and in her face shone a kindling light upon which her very soul seemed to breathe. Covered with embarrassment, Buckley went to them.

"I'm very sorry," he began, but Lydia put up her gloved hand and

stopped him.

"Don't, don't!" she said gently, almost reverently, as she looked straight into his eyes. "Don't!"

He had not been introduced to her companion, and the fact seemed to have escaped her. The three walked to the door.

"I am Miss Cosby, Mr. Buckley," Kitty said sweetly. "Lydia has completely forgotten that we don't know each other."

"I am delighted to meet you," he faltered, red in the face. "This is a rather rough and tumble camp meeting reception to offer you the first time you honor the old warehouse with your presence, Miss Cosby," he managed to get out, "but we are an emotional people and—"

"Hush!" suddenly exclaimed Lydia, facing him with her great, wondering eyes. "Don't speak lightly of that. Then her voice sank into ineffable sweetness. "Show me, Mr. Buckley, where it happened. I mean from

which direction did the mob come, and is this the door—where the poor boy—where you stood—this here?"

George grew redder; he essayed a light laugh, but she was persistent. She laid her hands on his arm. "Tell me," she urged, "is this the very spot?"

"That's right, miss," said Truitt, coming up. "The gang come runnin' right down that walk after Jeff. He hain't a plumb coward, but a mob of fifty bloodthirsty men would rattle any boy that's been made a pet of all his life. They was all right on his heels, an' he seed George Buckley's open door an' made a break for it. George let 'im in an' then stood right on that sill that an'—one of 'em to 'em to pass 'im. He had a gun, but they could 'a' ground 'im to sausage meat. One man cocked a revolver, an' George heard 'im yell out an' an' dared 'im to shoot 'im while he stood in the light, an' 'ol Res's wife fer a coward an' all he could think of. His pure grit, an' the respect they had fer 'im, shamed the gang, an' they left. But that's a hero, miss. You young ladies study about leaders of great battles that ax this an' that, but I'm a old soldier, an' what George Buckley done last night was the bravest thing I ever seed or heard tell of."

"We thought Major Cranston was here," Miss Cosby explained when Truitt had gone. "We have been looking all over town for him."

George accompanied them to the carriage and helped them in. He was still flushed and embarrassed. Lydia was quiet and thoughtful.

"You must come up and see us very soon," she said. "I want you to know Kitty."

Buckley turned back to the office, angry with himself, the Truitts and everything pertaining to the recent happening.

"Oh, what an ass I made of myself," he thought—"what a deplorable, helpless ass!"

He had just seated himself at his desk when Jeff Truitt came in. "George," he said, "Kenner has offered me a job at the express, and—"

"Well," George looked up from his work, with a frown—"that's all right, I guess."

Their eyes met, and Truitt's fell to the ground. He turned out of the door, meeting Kenner on the sidewalk.

"I made George mad jest now," he said to Kenner. "I wouldn't 'a' done it for the world, but—"

"You didn't make me mad, old boy," said George, coming up, with a smile. "I was worried about a calculation I was making. I hardly knew who was speaking to me."

"Well, I'm glad," said Jeff, with a smile of relief. "I wouldn't bother you for the world."

"I'll bet he was mad," said Kenner to himself as he passed on. "George Buckley's as hard to understand sometimes as a woman. He didn't like the way the Truitts carried on 'fore them young ladies. Lord, he don't know which side his bread's buttered on! Ef I live a hundred years I'll never forget Lydia Cranston's face while old Truitt was a-takin' an' George is as blind as a bat—kickin' himself right now."

He went into the office a few minutes later. George was at his desk, a dry pen in his hand, the flush still on his face. "I'm glad," he said to himself, "that I met those ladies."

George did not seem to hear. "He's put on a new two horse delivery wagon, painted up with his sign on it, jest like city wagons."

Buckley was still inattentive.

"By the way, the little devil told me he was goin' to let up on that school-girly racket of his. He told me of his own accord, an' I reckon my talk did some good 'olther night."

"I suppose it did," said Buckley, with a start, and he went to work. Kenner stood watching him for several minutes. The dusk remained on Buckley's face all that morning, and he seldom answered when spoken to. Even Hillier remarked upon his strange conduct.

"He's a queer cuss," said the old man. "I don't pretend to understand 'im, but

I bank on 'im jest the same."

"I think I understand 'im," replied Kenner. "I kin see through a plank, when that's a knot hole in it. But that was as far as the cotton buyer would commit himself."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOATS IN COLLISION.

Steam Launch Run Down and Eight People Drowned.

Philadelphia, Sept. 12.—The D-l-a war steamer Columbia, on its way from this city to Bristol, Pa., came into a steam launch about 10 miles north of here, grinding it to pieces and causing the drowning of eight of the dozen occupants of the small boat. All of the party were Philadelphians. The dead are: Joseph Fortescue, owner of the launch; Wade Auday, Thomas Duffy, Thomas Corvies, Joseph Pfrommer, Mrs. Joseph Pfrommer, Engineer James Briggs.

A terrible shriek went up as the boats struck, which almost caused a panic among the passengers on the Columbia. Dozens of life preservers were thrown overboard to those in the water, and a boat was quickly lowered. When the rowboat reached the spot only four persons could be found in the darkness. It is believed that several of the victims were crushed by the paddle wheels on the Columbia.

White Men's Row.

Jacksonville, Fla., Sept. 13.—During a row on an excursion train on the Georgia Southern and Florida railway between white men, Jackson Duncan was killed and his brother, Marshall Duncan, was dangerously wounded. Both men lived at Eddy, a station just south of the Georgia-Florida line. Jim Riley, a negro was killed by a stray bullet, he not being mixed in the row. Later W. M. Duncan, father of the Duncan boys, was shot four times, as a result of the row on the train. He resides at Baxter, Fla., six miles from Eddy.

Cattle Show at St. Louis.

St. Louis, Sept. 13.—The thirty-two barns on the livestock grounds are overtaxed by the 2,400 entries for the World's fair cattle show which will continue until September 24. The liberality of the awards and the prestige which the winning of a World's fair diploma carries induced the best breeders of the United States and Canada and England to send the pick of their herds to the international exhibition. The aggregate amount of money offered to competitors is \$105,106, as against \$31,625 at Chicago.

Train Held Up.

Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 12.—The Canadian Pacific railway westbound continental express was held up by four masked men four and a half miles west of Mission Junction. At the point of revolvers the express messenger was compelled to hand over the valuables. The safe was dynamited and \$6,000 secured from it. The registered mail also was ransacked. The robbers escaped to the bush and are supposed to have crossed the boundary.

Business Street Wiped Out.

Idaho Falls, Ida., Sept. 13.—Almost every business block in this city was wiped out by fire that started in the Butte cafe and which burned seven hours. The loss will reach \$300,000, with small insurance. Fanned by a wind that blew with almost hurricane velocity the fire swept down Broadway, the principal business street, destroying every building for nearly seven blocks. The fire was confined to the business district, no residences being destroyed.

Two Safes Dynamited.

Charlotte, N. C., Sept. 8.—Burglars blew open the same County Treasurer J. A. Logan at Yaddickville, Yadkin county, N. C., and secured between \$5,000 and \$10,000. The safe in the postoffice was also blown open. Postmaster Macfie reports that over \$410 was stolen. The burglars secured tools from a blacksmith shop in the town. County Treasurer Logan offers a reward of \$2,000 for the capture of the burglars and money.

Large Attendance.

Wheeling, W. Va., Sept. 8.—The visit of Henry G. Davis, the Democratic presidential nominee, to the West Virginia state fair, was the occasion of the largest Wednesday attendance in the history of the fair. During the morning Mr. Davis held a reception at his hotel. In the afternoon Senator Davis was escorted to the fair grounds, where a tremendous crowd listened to his 10-minute address on agriculture.

Strike Declared Off.

Chicago, Sept. 9.—President Donnelly of the butchers' union has officially declared the strike of stockyard employees at an end. He telegraphed the members of the national executive committee asking their consent to an announcement of the end of the struggle, and, having received favorable answers from all, he declared the strike of the members of his organization ended.

President Donnelly Speaks.

Davenport, Ia., Sept. 12.—President Donnelly of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters addressed a large crowd at a picnic of the butchers' union. He declared that the recent strike had resulted in improved conditions of labor; and that the butchers would establish a permanent board of arbitration and bring about lasting industrial peace.

Postal Receipts.

Washington, Sept. 13.—The gross receipts of the 50 largest postoffices in the country in August as compared with August of last year show a net increase of \$604,826, or almost 13 per cent, the gross receipts at all of the 50 offices aggregating \$5,332,835. The largest increase was 36 per cent, at Peoria, Ill.

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